

Daily Eagle

M. M. MURDOCK, Editor.

It really appears that Barney Kelly's expectations are still in statu quo, and are mired there.

Worth disliked publicity and never advertised. There is a warning in this. He is dead now.

That revolution of Kolb's is only in his eye, though wheels are usually located in the head.

There was a row in the Indiana legislature; had it happened in Kansas it would have been a revolution.

The Indiana legislature gave the spectators some idea of what a rehearsal of a railroad wreck is like.

Dr. Parkhurst charges his congregation with "homiletic exploitation." They better go and get vaccinated quick.

In Indiana the legislature is put on the same shelf with the deadly car stove and the revolver that is not loaded.

Slavin, the puglist, knocked out his opponent in less than two minutes. This is better time than Ali's, the mare, has made.

The sergeant-at-arms of the Indiana legislature, after a few more experiences of that kind, can aspire to be a baseball umpire.

The history of Worth, the dressmaker, shows Kansas what J. R. Burton might have been if he had moved to Paris in his youth.

If the rich man gets any satisfaction out of calling the income tax hard names, he should be let alone—but the tax should be collected.

The Indiana legislature finished up their session with a prize-fight at midnight, in the presence of a large crowd, of gentlemen and ladies.

Argentine Republic and Brazil appear to think a great deal of Grover Cleveland, but he hasn't done as much for them as he has for England.

The law of Delaware should be changed, providing for a session of the legislature for the purpose of not electing a United States senator.

Worth once put up a dress for Empress Eugenie in three hours and a half—and Eugenie's husband had to put up a week's salary in consequence.

Somebody put his head down into oblivion and yell the name of Martin Mobler. The old man has been forgotten and a familiar voice might cheer him.

The Chinese peace envoys are now in Japan trying to make the mikado believe that China does him a great honor in allowing him to make peace with her.

Duchess Victoria Melita Saxe-Coburg Hesse Gotha, according to a cablegram, has had a baby. Let us hope that the poor little thing will not be named after its mother.

The grief over the death of Worth will be mellowed somewhat when it becomes generally known that it was he who invented the present pregnant aristocrat called sleeves.

"Homiletic exploitation" is the latest from the lips of Dr. Parkhurst, and when an antepyer is held the right lung will probably be found to have been ripped up the back.

Let Grover Cleveland alone. Can't a man and a citizen, even if it is his misfortune to be president under a Democratic administration, go out and enjoy a duck hunt in peace?

In all the accounts of the life of Worth nothing is said of his wife. And a woman who never troubled her husband with dressmaking bills must certainly have been interesting.

The name of Worth will not live long. The world has already forgotten the Hebrew dressmaker who created the popular mourning costume—plain sackcloth with flounces of ashes.

Going to the legislature, or even to congress, has got to be quite a dangerous thing. It is strange that so many are ready to offer themselves as a sacrifice for the good of their country.

Senator Puffer says the Populists will be absorbed by a new party. This was our opinion, but Puffer's declaration probably denotes that it will not be absorbed. The old man has never struck it yet on any thing.

The court at New Orleans has decided that the Corbett-Fitzsimmons fight can be pulled off in that city. Democratic adversity has so weighed on New Orleans that a little surplus cash via pugilism is not to be sneezed at.

Miss Lowery, an American girl, will wed a Spanish count after nineteen years courtship. It is remarked that Miss Lowery might have withered a great deal in that time, but her dollars have just as good a complexion as ever.

Harry Hayward will hang. The plea of hypnosis was essayed in the case and failed. There may be men of a murderous disposition who can use other men for their agents, but the same hypnotists fail to have any hypnotic influence over twelve men and a judge.

The original of DeMaurier's Trithy has been found. She was an Annie Bishop of thirty years ago. She left her husband to follow the fortunes of an adventurer who became her manager. In his presence she could sing wonderfully—out of it she had no vocal excellence at all. The woman was a friend of DeMaurier. When her manager died she lost her voice and her regularity.

THE INNINGS OF A BENEFICIARY.

The fourth page of Sunday morning's Topeka Capital came to us illuminated with a slug-headed editorial, castigating the editor of the Eagle for having presumed to criticize Governor Morrill and his methods. The article has the relentless quality of a lash in the hands of a reluctant slave, who tremblingly strikes, strikes in the menacing presence of his master. The abasement of the writer doubtless proved more cruel than the torture of the victim. Conceding the partisan-inclination of the state-printer to blindly defend the Morrill administration, right or wrong, insubsequently abusing anyone who should dare an honest protest, we may be pardoned for observing that no more suitable servitor can be found in all the state than the Eagle. Lay on, Mr. Capital, and spare not so long as you can work the racket profitably, for the Eagle's shoulders are as broad as is the independence of its spirit; its foundations deeper and stronger, by half, than any other daily paper in the state, measured by money or by circulation, while its editor has no ambition, of any character, save the desire to command the respect and confidence of his readers. Make yourself solid therefore, major, and if you can the more so by pecking at the Eagle, then pluck away for we have feathers and to spare. The people of Wichita owe the state of Kansas no anything save legal allegiance, nor any of its many administrations, either politically, commercially or financially. But, even were this otherwise, the Eagle would as unhesitatingly criticize a wrong perpetrated by the Morrill administration as it would the act of the policeman on the next corner. It laid bare the local biases and reprehensible attitudes of those of John A. Martin and Lyman E. Humphrey, whose administrations, respectively, were dominated by the very men and the exact circumscribed interests which so far have swayed that of Morrill's. Such protests cost nobody anything, save the editor of the Eagle, himself, unless in a reflex way, in which, mayhap, the party vote has been curtailed. As for anything else the Eagle wants no palatial slops—it spews them out.

As for the articles inciting the Capital's ire, we take back nothing. The Eagle talks daily to as many people as does the Capital and it has as great a Republican constituency, differing only in character. That paper's long list of political dead-heads is wanting on the Eagle's subscription books. Still, ante-election pledges and subsequent political promises are or should be as sacred if made in the interest of southwest Kansas as for the hundred miles square, of which Topeka is the center. Such promises and pledges of good faith doubtless materialized and were counted in the ballot which showed that the editor of the Capital had been elected state printer.

Coming to the immediate inspiration of the Capital's reproach we have only to reiterate that the composition of the state board of railway commissioners was a political, a material and a commercial outrage, consummated in the face of the most solemn pledges, two of the present incumbents being given their places on a deal which had no reference to the present or the future commerce of the state, the other being named for reasons never yet developed, but wholly in the interest of the Missouri river, which means the railways and their combine. The Eagle's protest against the make-up of the appellate court was not ill-advised or through ignorance. Its editor knows all that occurred including the agreement reached in the consultation held with Justices Horton and Johnston, and the subsequent one had by Stearns with the governor in the presence of Mr. Wilson, not only, but the names agreed upon; and, when we declared that Topeka's interest in the state house appropriation fixed the fate and character of the appellate court we told the exact truth.

That the appellate court, to have been of any real advantage to the people of the state, in relieving the supreme court, that the judges should have been men of such standing as lawyers and of such character as individuals as would have commanded the confidence and respect of the bar and people of the entire state, the Capital, even in its new born speculancy, will hardly deny.

A SAMPLE OF CANDOR.

The demagogues and sticklers for payment of our coin bonds in gold would find interesting reading in the London Economist of Feb. 16. This great financial journal is recognized as the highest authority in the money metropolis of the world, and is therefore strong enough to deal frankly with all questions. It is needless to say it is a champion for the single standard, but in an editorial advising its readers of the true character of the \$62,000,000 of United States bonds, then about ready to be offered to English investors, it says: "To pretend that the United States government is under any obligations, moral or otherwise, to meet the service or repay the principal of this loan in gold is absurd. Most assuredly the investor cannot eat his cake and have it. He cannot stipulate for a high rate of interest to cover the risk of being paid in silver and then contend that the borrower is to pay him in gold. Indeed the silverites in the United States may go further and maintain that, as the government has deliberately saddled the nation with an unusual charge in order to possess the right to pay in silver coin, it cannot, in justice to the taxpayers, refrain from exercising the right."

The absurd claim that it is at once dishonorable and a national disgrace to hold gold emanates from the English capitalist who holds them. It is bolstered by their co-partners in Wall street, taken up by the eastern press and re-echoed by a few small fry western champions of the absurd idea of paying ten or twenty dollars of debts with one dollar in gold. There is nothing in it but pure selfishness on the part of the investor, and he raises the cry of national dishonor only that he may secure payment in gold when it is plainly provided otherwise on the face of his bond. The Economist takes the correct view in saying that if the nation is to be saddled with an extra charge for the privilege of paying in silver it is an injustice to the taxpayers not to exercise that right. It may be held as a clever trick in business to negotiate for a high interest bearing bond and then squeeze the maker into paying it in the money of a low rate bond, but the individual, or the nation that can be bluffed into doing it has a cowardly conception of the rights of a contract.

HAD WORTH BEEN A GREEK.

Worth's most marked gift to fashion is the short skirt, said to have been designed originally for no other purpose than the vain one of showing the exquisite Spanish feet of Eugenie. But his name lives today, when he is dead, as synonym for all style in woman's dress, and a standard in color, drapery and cut. Some homage should certainly be paid the dead man. We have not arrived at that stage of morality, and independence of all formality, and exclusion of all necessity of modesty where we could all caper around naked and to one think the worse of it. We must all wear clothes awhile, and if we must have apparel, it is right, if we are not geniuses or hermits, to bring our frocks to the greatest artistic perfection, as fashion sees perfection at the time.

This Worth did. He was the modern Praxiteles in dress. Unlike the Greek he did not enhance and perpetuate woman's physical charms with marble images of the nude nymphs of the Arcadian wilds, mirroring their lives and their beauty in a tension of muscles and play of rounded and sentient curves; but Worth took the living woman, the acknowledged beauties and nymphs of society and royalty of his age and by veiling their natural beauties enhanced them; by concealing voluptuous curves revealed them threefold.

He was greater than the sculptor in that he wrought not only in form, which is for all time, but in color which is of a generation. And his creations played their important part in the world of fashion and history, perhaps by their beauty settling a courtship that had been doubtful, or an engagement that had been precarious. His artistic touch was part of every function of fashion in a quarter

of a century and the fancy of his brain or the whim of his eye was the edict to which beauty and riches knelt in unquestioning homage.

Had Worth been a Greek he would have wrought in marble and perhaps lived as long as any printed history or spoken tradition. He was a dressmaker and he will live only for a day, for fashion will pick up a new nonsense, and in twenty years another generation will call his dream creations hideous. But in his day, he was great.

THAT ROW AMONG HOOSIERS.

It has been understood that partisanship has for years found its fiercest degree in Indiana politics and the row in the Indiana legislature Monday fully bears out the popular opinion on the subject.

The governor had vetoed a bill. This he sent by his private secretary to the legislature a few minutes before the legislature had to adjourn according to law. The idea was to prevent the legislature from passing it over his veto for lack of time.

The Republicans locked Mr. Secretary out. The Democrats went to his residence and let him in. Then the Republicans drew up in martial array and blocked the secretary's progress to the speaker, to whom he had to deliver the veto before the session should expire by limitation. It was the desire of the Republicans to prevent him from reaching the speaker, and a riot occurred between the Republicans and the Democrats.

It was wrong in the governor to take this underhanded method of beating the legislature. Then it was wrong for the Republicans to lock out the secretary. Then it was wrong for the Democrats to attempt by force to carry the secretary to the speaker. It was also wrong at this point for the Republicans to block their progress.

But when the rioting and head-smashing and jaw-jabbing began everybody was eminently right. That was the only thing to be done. Both sides were in error and both sides should have had their heads smashed and if they were kind enough to do the job among themselves the public has no kick coming. When at last the secretary (or, shreds of what had been the secretary) was carried to the speaker's desk, the secretary was again wrong as he was performing the part of agent of a dirty, underhanded scheme. And then when the speaker would not see him but adjourned the legislature, probably two minutes before the proper time, the speaker was wrong.

But the question of right or wrong will not cut any figure in Indiana. The people are fully as partisan as their representatives, and the Democrats will concede their defeat angrily and the Republicans will bellow joyously over their victory, for the Republicans did get the best of it.

It was a very disgraceful scene, all will admit, but there is no being on earth so contemptible in the eyes of an Indiana Republican as an Indiana Democrat, and the Indiana Republicans must occasionally assert in a pugilistic way that he is not liable to change his opinion.

OKLAHOMA OUTLINE.

Rev. Goodbear, an Indian, preached at El Reno the other day.

The Oklahoma legislature is now at home filling out his income tax blank.

Horace Speed says that Tecumseh will bring action against the Choctaw road.

According to the Woodward news, the wheat crop in that section is doing fairly well.

Both Pitzer and Barnes should be remembered for the way in which they expedited business.

The Oklahoma legislature passed more bills than the Kansas and Missouri legislatures combined.

Mr. Good-shy, a Pawnee Indian, has been examined by the pension by the medical board at Stillwater.

The Knighthead Free Press indorses Cleveland for vetoing the right-of-way of the Oklahoma Central.

Last Friday night a meteor came so near Oklahoma City that Mr. Dunlap, a citizen, declares he heard it hiss.

A man at Lexington felt through a window last week and a local paper reports that fact that the glass was broken.

Garfield county, according to the End Wave, is going to have a splendid wheat crop, all reports to the contrary notwithstanding.

Judge Scott is holding court at Oklahoma City, but advises from Washington to the effect that he is not holding the court there.

For some reason there does not appear to be a wild scramble to take advantage of the Keeley cure privileges passed by the legislature.

Barnard Shouart, aged 61, and Phoebe Vert, aged 41, were granted a license to wed at Stillwater the other day without their parents' consent.

Since the legislature adjourned Arthur Percy Daniels is said to wander about the streets of Guthrie like an infant child in the middle of a desert.

Most all the Oklahoma editors make garden every spring, but Leaberg of the End Wave is said to be the only man who can make a success of it.

The El Reno Globe has discovered that T. F. Hensley's speech before the legislative association at Perry was stolen bodily from one Thomas Guard's oration on Savonarola. Where?

Bill Bolton says that the state of matrimony is bounded on one side by hunger and kissing, and by babies and cradles on the other. How does that jar your vest-buttons?

Stillwater and Perkins are both off a railroad and if they are going to shed blood over their county-seat trouble they should erect a telephone wire to let the other parts of the territory know about the campaign.

That man who excites Chandler every month by riding into town on a gallop and declaring that the Kickapoo country has been thrown open to settlement ought to be caught, muzzled and chained up in a restaurant for ninety days.

Two farmers near Tecumseh were chased by robbers for about fifteen miles. They were in a wagon and the bandits were in a hurry. One of the farmers had some money and he jumped from the wagon and took to the woods and the robbers were eluded.

Newkirk Times: A broker while entering a fair dammed home asked her what sort of "money" she liked best. Of course the blushing beauty instantly suggested "matrimony."

"What interest does it bring?" inquired the man of ex- rent funds and wild-cat discounts. "If properly invested," replied the charmer, "it will double the original stock every two years."

SLUTTISHNESS IN THE STRIP.

To the Editor of the Eagle.

It is susceptible of proof that some farmer in the neighborhood of Kildare in the new state of Oklahoma, has become recreant and reckless of agricultural pursuits, and that, too, so inopportunistically as the present moment, when the late fine rains have placed the

ground in such fine condition for spring culture. It would be a relief to know that in this sudden and lamentable attack of literary blind-staggers he has conducted himself outwardly in a becoming manner, has not bullied or maltreated the women folks, has answered the dinner call peaceably, and in the interim of his attack observed the time-honored custom of feeding the hogs, milking, watering the stock, attending the wants of the poultry, and finally bedding down and grooming the unoffending horse.

So far from meaning this as a personal reflection, or even an oblique glance, it is solely intended to convey the original idea, that what the strip needs just now is free plowing, in contradistinction to free silver, which two seem to be at an issue. Or, as Audrey would say, "I am not a slut, but thank the Gods I am foul," and Touchstone, "I praised be the gods for foulness, sluttishness may follow hereafter." It being a reasonable conjecture the sluttishness may follow hereafter, its appearance there in the due course and founding of events.

We will not assume that silver alone would not answer in a primitive society, or even a fifth class nation, as a medium of exchange and as money of pseudo-final redemption. We might say it would satisfy the crude craving of the hunger for trade, but would be inadequate in the subsequent growth of comprehension. The union of hunger and thirst may be called local marriage, but it is not far from the exalted state of matrimony. Also we may say that plain steak, plain prunes, plain beans, plain boiled potatoes constitute a meal. It is food, a meal, but we desire to dine, and quickly discover that the added quality of a slight saviness is all that is needed to produce here an abomination worthy of a separate viaduct of wrath.

Where are the courses, the service, the accessories, and lastly, the menu itself? Nothing is too great or too grand for America, and she should preside at the table of the nations. Her future is pregnant with inevitable greatness and immense possibilities, but we would wager a quarter with Cullibson's permission, that it will not be on the lines of solving problems, much less on a free silver basis.

At present the tide is out, far out, and the beach is bare. One has his position made for him and need only wait or pleasantly loaf a bit, awaiting the tumultuous return of the breakers upon the shore of sound money; stream, it is true, with half drowned rats, mice, grasshoppers and here and there a viathan monster of free silver proclivities. It is painful to reflect that those for whom we have lasting regard and good wishes should have listened to the siren, given a loud hurray, and precipitately dashed seaward just when there was nothing particular to do. Heaven grant there may be some life left in them, and there is much to be said on the score of exercise.

To put it tersely, respiciendo, is just around the corner. Do not startle at this term; it is a kindly word, and willing to make a date at any time with a free silverite. Many such words have been known to pass smoothly and with some esprit in common conversation after their preform and sanction in print. It is the counterpart or perhaps the pedestal, of our motto Ad Astra Per Aspera, and as a device would signify the recovery of reason through many perturbations.

E. D. GILBERT.

Beauty in Women's Shoulders.

The shoulders of beauty, observes the New York Recorder, are always interesting. Lucretia Borgia, that unscrupulous young lady, so skilled in toxicology, has exquisite shoulders. Indeed so perfect were they, that even their victims, could they be resuscitated, would affirm this statement.

Jumping from Italy into France, we find Mme. Pompadour idealized on account of her shoulders, which were always in evidence, and which, upon a certain occasion, caused ever her rival to relent.

The pretty women who have married titles have not only possessed beautiful faces, but shoulders as well. Belle Bolton, the countess of Clancarty, won her heritage through a charming bill of action—the shrugging of her shapely shoulders. Not finding the shoulder a cold one, he wooed and won successfully.

The shoulders of the pretty Consuela Yanaga, now Viscountess Mandeville, scored for her many a conquest in society, of which at one time she was a belle.

The fair Langtry attracted the attention of the prince of Wales by the beautiful and artistic curve of her neck. The wily beauty knew this to be her strong point, and discreetly made the most of it.

TEACHER.—"Now, Charley, tell us what you know about Cossus?" Charley—"Dudes wear 'em in their pants."—Harlem Life.

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